

## Winter Days by nerdsarehot75

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, Fluff, Snow Storm

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers

**Relationships:** Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2016-09-17

**Updated:** 2016-09-17

**Packaged:** 2022-04-01 20:35:27

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,844

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Hopper comes to fix the hole in Joyce's wall when he gets trapped there in a snow storm

## Winter Days

It had begun to snow early in the day. Will had been home a few weeks and was currently over at the Wheeler's to spend time with his friends and Jonathan was there to spend time with Nancy. Joyce had planned a lazy day, possibly doing some cleaning up.

She'd just begun making herself a sandwich, bread spread on the kitchen counter, her spot on the couch calling to her. A knocking at the door interrupted her thoughts. She jumped and dropped the butter knife in her hands, looking over her shoulder. The person knocked again.

She opened the door to find Hopper standing there, a glint in his eye. She moved back to let him in and he moved past her, going straight to the hole in her living room wall.

"Hop, what are you doing?" she asked, more amused than anything else.

"It's snowing. You can't have a hole in the wall. You'll freeze to death," he replied

"I can do that. You don't have to," she said, pushing his hand away from where it was probing the wall.

"I want to, Joyce. Besides, I'm here now, may as well do it," he said, ignoring any further protests.

"At least eat lunch before you start," she said.

He followed her into the kitchen and then watched her as she made them both sandwiches. She picked up the knife from where it had fallen earlier and got a clean one. She had to stretch up to get the plates from the cupboard overhead, a sliver of skin exposed from where her shirt rode up.

She set the meal down in front of him and took a defiant bite from her's, as if daring him to complain. He just smiled at her and ate his without complaint. It was a companionable silence, although Joyce looked as if she were plotting something and Hopper felt a stirring of worry in his stomach.

She followed him as he went back outside to collect his tools and then into the living room. She curled up on the sofa, watching him when his back was turned. She admired the muscles moving under his shirt and the precise, methodical way he went about fixing the wall. She pulled a blanket over herself once he pulled off the wooden boards and a flurry of snow flew inside.

"Are you going to silently watch me the entire time?" Hopper asked, not bothering to turn around.

"Would you prefer something else?" she asked, more sarcastic than genuine helpfulness.

He shrugged and continued working. She huffed and got up, turning the TV on to fill the room with a bit more sound.

"You could help me? It'd make this whole thing quicker," he suggested.

"I thought you were the strong hero here to save the damsel in distress." That was sarcastic but she got up to help him anyway, the blanket trailing behind her.

They worked in silence for a few hours, passing tools and materials back and forwards. The only sound came from the television, moving through stupid day time shows, to kids shows, to the news. It had grown dark outside as they put the finishing touches to the new wallpaper.

"The boys should be home soon," she said, watching his hand smooth over the paper.

"Do you want me to go?" he asked, turning to look at her.

She shook her head. "Stay for the dinner. It's the least I can do."

She entered the kitchen and began rifling through the fridge and cupboards, looking for something to put together for a meal. She could hear Hopper clearing away in the other room, resisting temptation to look back at him. She pulled out a box for mac and cheese, shrugged and opened it.

"Joyce," Hopper called to her.

She turned and looked at him. He'd turned off the light, presumably in anticipation of joining her in the kitchen. His back was to her and he seemed to be transfixed by the TV. She walked to stand beside him. The news was on, a report going across the screen.

"We suggest everyone stay indoors until this blows over," the newsreader said. She turned to look at Hopper.

"What's this about?" she asked.

"Snow storm." He looked out the window. The snow was coming down faster now, banks of it piling up. No one would be able to see in it, their vision obscured by white. The phone rang, startling them. Joyce rushed over and picked up the receiver.

"Mom?" Jonathan's voice said on the other end.

"Yes, I'm here," she replied. A stab of worry ran through her. Were they alright? Had something happened?

"Have you heard about the snow storm?" he asked. She gripped the phone tighter.

"We just heard about it on the news," she replied.

"It's looks like we're not going to be able to leave. Mrs Wheeler says it's fine for us to stay but I thought I should ring." He grip loosened.

"Wait a minute, we?" her son asked.

"Hopper came over to help with the hole. We just finished," she replied. She could hear her son laughing and let herself smile too.

"Just in time, I'd say. Don't let him leave. It's nasty out there," Jonathan warned.

"I wasn't going to." They laughed together. "Thank Karen for me."

"I will. Bye Mom." He hung up. She put the receiver down and looked at it for a second before turning to find Hopper shifting his eyes away from her.

"That was Jonathan. They boys are staying at the Wheeler's tonight because of the storm," she supplied.

"So we have the house to ourselves." The smirk was prominent on his face. She pushed him, moving past him to continue making dinner.

"I have a bottle of wine if you want to open it," was what she responded with.

He laughed, following behind her. He went through the cupboards trying to find it, until she reached over and opened the right door. He took it down and opened it, leaving it on the table to breathe.

"Are you really making me dinner?" he asked. "Because I can leave."

"Don't you dare," she growled, ready to argue until she saw the look on his face. He just sat at the table, now watching her move around the kitchen. His gaze made her shiver and she wanted to snap at him to stop but the warmth pooling in her stomach kept her mouth shut.

Instead of giving him the finished meal, she moved past him with it and sat on the couch, reclaiming her blanket. He sat beside her, almost hesitantly, and took the food from where she'd left it on the coffee table. She flung her legs over him, getting comfortable as she watched the TV, the news over and some kind of drama playing. He settled the bowl on her legs and began eating.

About halfway through the meal Joyce scrambled off the couch, leaving her dinner on the table. He watched her leave, his eyes following the sway of her hips. She came back, two glasses clutched in her hand and the forgotten wine dangling precariously between a few fingers. She smiled at him, offering him the bottle.

He poured them both a glass and settled further back on the couch,

sighing contentedly as the first sip of the liquid entered his mouth. Her legs returned to his lap and she finished off her own meal, her glass on the ground beside her.

She watched the TV and Hopper watched her. The light from the screen cast odd shadows on her face, her skin looking ethereal in the little light they had. Her eyes were dark pools and there was a small smile on her face as she followed the inane drama. He wanted to brush the hair out of her face.

She turned to look at him, a cheeky smile growing. He smiled back, knowing he'd been caught but not very worried.

"I don't think it's going to let up," she said. He had to shake himself and followed her drifting gaze to the window. The snow was still falling.

"You sure you don't want me to go?" His heart squeezed at the idea of leaving her here alone in the middle of this.

"Stay." He didn't know one simple word could have such an effect on him. He took a long drink from his glass, finishing off the wine in there. He poured himself another glass and began watching the television. The program had changed without either of them noticing. He could feel her moving, her legs retracting from his lap. He refused to look at her, not sure if he could trust himself right now. It wasn't until he felt her warm body settle against him that he looked down. Her doe eyes looked back and an almost self-conscious smile fluttered over her mouth. He wrapped his arm around her shoulder, settling her more comfortably against his own body.

Feeling Joyce so close after the dancing around each other was like being on a different plane. Hopper could feel her breath against his shoulder and the lift of her chest with each inhale. Her arm settled against his stomach. He closed his eyes and took a minute to enjoy the moment.

He refilled her glass each time it emptied, keeping up with her. Close to the end of the bottle he noticed a drop at the corner of her mouth. He caught it with his thumb, startling her. He sucked it into his mouth and her eyes darkened.

His mouth descended on her's, tortuously slow for both of them. She gripped him in her hands, nails digging into his flesh and his hands buried themselves in her hair. She moaned as he gently tugged. He did it again and she climbed onto his lap.

She dragged her nails up his chest and down his back. He sucked her bottom lip into his mouth and nibbled it. She whimpered. It was

almost too much for him. Her nose bumped against his and she giggled. He drew away, affronted at her reaction but couldn't stay mad when he saw her laughing. Her eyes were bright and her smile wide.

Hopper pulled her into a hug and she went willingly, still laughing against his shoulder. He buried his nose in her hair, inhaling deeply. She placed a small kiss on his neck and he almost groaned out loud. She got up from his lap and took their empty bowls back into the kitchen. The sudden coldness was shocking so he pulled her blanket over him, her warmth lingering.

When Joyce came back out she wormed under the blanket, her limbs reaching for him. He poured her another glass of wine, finishing off the bottle in his own. She kissed his shoulder in thanks and sipped from it, her eyes back on the TV. He doubted either of them knew what they were watching but he held her close and watched with her. He'd do whatever made her happy.